

Notes of Advertising.

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JOB WORK

executed at this office with neatness and dispatch at the lowest possible rates.

Poetical.

LINES:

The Louisville Journal says: "We defy any tasteful lover of poetry to read the following lines without exclaiming: 'How beautiful!'"

My soul thy sacred image keeps.
For nature there in silence sleeps.
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart,
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn a thought of thee?

Forever thine, my dreams will be,
Whatever may be my fortunes here,
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon, a gentle tear:
May blessed visions from above
Play brightly round the happy heart,
And may the beams of peace and love
N'er from thy glowing soul depart.
Farwell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blossoms die;
But there is one flower that cannot die,
Thy holy memory in my heart;
No dew that one flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight that its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of heaven.
My soul greets thee, unsmiling, unthought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farwell! farwell! my far-off friend!
Between us broad, blue rivers flow,
And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon my face,
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
The stars that shine on thee are not
The stars that shine on me.
Are not the beams that on me shine,
But memory's spell is with thee yet—
Canst thou the holy part forget?

Miscellaneous

THE NEW CLOAK.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"There! I declare, if Mr. Burton has not a new 'cloak'!" exclaimed Mrs. Waxwell, to her intimate friend, Miss Viney, as they came out of church one Sunday.
"See she has," replied Miss Viney, very quietly.
"I know her husband can't afford it, she will be the ruin of him yet."
"Suppose they know their own business best; at any rate it is a blessing that you or I are not accountable for her misdeeds," said Mrs. Viney, who, though what is technically termed an "old maid," was not of that class who have been slanderously styled gossips and busybodies. And we have purposely introduced her to refute the calumny that "old maids are meddlers—and we are sure that all spinsters will be grateful to us for the service."
"Don't know about that," returned Mrs. Waxwell, with a dubious shake of the head; "Mr. Burton owns his husband three hundred dollars, and I don't believe he will ever get his pay, if things go on in this way. That cloak couldn't have cost less than thirty dollars."

"I presume they could afford it, or they would not have bought it at any rate they ought to know best."
"Mrs. Burton is a vain, conceited, proud woman, and her pride will have a fall one of these days."
"I hope not."
"I hope she will have a fall; she would drop some of those airs then."
"I never thought she was what might be termed a vain woman, an impudent minx, and the sooner she is brought down to a level with her circumstances, the better for her and the world."
She has the reputation of being a very kind hearted person, and an excellent neighbor.
"I don't care if she has, she likes to 'lord' it through the village, and for one I won't be ruled by her."
"Really, I do not understand you; she is as amiable and humble as any one need be."
"Amiable and humble, indeed? What did she buy that new cloak for, except to excite the envy of half the town, and make them think she is somebody?"
"I hope there is no one so silly as to envy her," and Miss Viney cast a significant glance at the face of her companion.
"I don't for one; but I should like to teach her that she is no better than the rest of the world."
She don't profess to be; she visits the neighborhood, and I'm sure there is no better person in civility than she is."

"All that may be."
"When you had the erysipelas, you remember she watched you when no one else would."
"I know it; but is one to be tyrannized over forever, because she watched a few nights with me?"
"How strange you talk!"
"Do I? Didn't she buy that cloak on purpose to get a figure through the town, and make every body feel cheap?"
"No, I am sure she did not, she had no such motive," replied Mrs. Viney, smartly.
"I don't believe it, there!"
"She is no such woman as that!"
"I have seen no one but you who feels bad about it."
"But me! I am sure I wouldn't have worn that cloak if I had been asked to. She can wear what she pleases, but I won't let her affect it, that's all."

"I think she can; she has the reputation of being a pretty careful woman."
"I don't care; but I feel it my duty to warn my husband to look out about his debt."
"When folks get to be so awful extravagant, there's no knowing what may happen."
"Mr. Burton is doing a very good business, people say."
"Nobody knows anything about what he is doing. All I know is, that when Squire Smith sold him two cords of wood last week, and

EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. C. GOULD.

"Fearless and Free."

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. AUG. 17, 1854.

Vol. II, No. 9.

carried in the bill he could not pay it. He actually put the Squire off till next week. That looks as though they could afford thirty dollar cloaks, don't it?"

With these sage reflections, Mrs. Waxwell turned down the lane that led to her home, leaving Miss Viney to puzzle her way and ponder the extravagance of "some folks."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Waxwell loved fine cloths quite as much as any other woman of the nineteenth century and this was a great deal. But then her husband was parsimonious, and she was parsimonious, and though she loved "nice things" very much, she loved money more—we take it, amounts to nothing more than less than money.

Mr. Waxwell was a farmer and well off in the world. The advent of the railroad into his native town, had turned their property in general, and put the devil into the women in particular—to use Mr. Waxwell's classic language. Time was when they were content to wear a straw bonnet and a calico gown to meeting; but now they had to rig out in silks and satins, with flounces and turbanes, and all sorts of rappings latched to 'em, for all the world just like a clown in the circus—such were Mr. Waxwell's views of the social tendency of the railroad.

Society began to be a little "select;" folks put on airs, and were so "stuck up" that you couldn't touch them with a ten foot pole.

Farmer Waxwell did not much like, state of things—it cost money on the one hand, and he did not like to be thrown into the shade on the other. He was about the richest man in the place; but ten dollar bonnets and thirty dollar cloaks were abominations that he could not tolerate. Mrs. Waxwell didn't like to be out done in the matter of dress, and when she bought a new merino cloak the previous season, she had not a doubt but it would be unsurpassed for two seasons at least. When Mrs. Burton came out with the thirty dollar velvet, she found the wind taken entirely out of her sail, and she as indignant as the case demanded.

In the rise and progress of the village since the advent of the railroad, two new stores had gone into operation, one of which was conducted by Mr. Burton, an enterprising young man from the metropolis, who had brought a city wife, and a great many city notions into the place with him.

As with a great many who go from the city to the country, he was exceedingly annoyed by that disinterested, charitable attention to other people's business, which so extensively prevails in many rural districts. He kept his affairs to himself, and this bothered and perplexed the gossips. His wife had a way of lending to her own concerns—she had been brought up where people do not even know their next door neighbors. If she wanted a new dress or a new bonnet, she never deemed it necessary to consult the neighbors in regard to her ability to afford it, or about the style and material.

But in spite of these peculiarities, she was a popular person in the village. She was amiable and kind to all; a friend and comfort to the sick and the aged, and a useful person in the society of the place. She understood matters and things, had a larger experience of the world than those who had seen nothing of it; and the consequence was, that when a party was to be given, a picnic projected, or a ball got up, she was consulted and her advice followed. She understood all these things, and was happy to explain the "fashion" in regard to them, to all who asked her counsel.

For Mrs. Waxwell her husband began to feel that Mrs. Burton came to the village. She was no longer the leader of the "ton," and her heart was burning with envy—though she often received the kind offices of the storekeeper's wife both in sickness and in health, she would have willingly have crushed her. That new cloak was the capstone of the indignities which she fancied had been heaped upon her, and she determined that her unbecoming rival should suffer the consequences of her temerity.

Waxwell's malignant expression betrayed the jealousy she had so long harbored.
"You did it, it was very unkind and ungrateful in you to do so," replied Miss Viney, indignantly.
"Humph!"
"Any trader would be likely to come out badly to have all his creditors bounce upon him without giving him a chance to collect."
"Even your husband, as well off as he is, might be embarrassed, if suddenly called upon to pay his debts," and Miss Viney looked significantly at her angry companion.

"I don't it."
"He may have a trial," said the maiden lady, as she moved toward the store.
"What can she mean by that?" thought Mrs. Waxwell.

Miss Viney had some property of her own, and it was in the hands of Farmer Waxwell, who had on his own account, invested the greater part of it in railroad stock.

This was what she meant. She would claim the three thousand dollars her husband owed Farmer Waxwell, who was rich in houses and lands, and stocks, and of which she had a good income; but he had not three thousand dollars in money, and it might cost him some trouble to raise it.

"Don't cry, my dear, I have enough due me in Boston to pay these debts, ten times over," said Mr. Burton to his wife, who was much alarmed by the storm which threatened them.

"What will people think?"
"What will they think when I pay them all, the whole amount is not above nine hundred dollars."
Just then Miss Viney entered the house. In a few words, she explained the circumstances which had led to the sudden "strike" among the creditors.

Mrs. Burton, kind hearted, shed a flood of tears when she heard how cruel Mr. Waxwell had been to her husband, and with all the tenderness of a mother, when her frightened neighbors fled from the contagious disease.

"Never mind it, my dear. We may expect anything from a meddling, gossip, antagonist," said Mr. Burton. "I must start for Boston in the noon train."

"Allow me, Mr. Burton, to offer you the money to discharge these liabilities. I have some thousand dollars in the hands of Mr. Waxwell."
"You are very kind and I accept your offer," replied Mr. Burton, "and next week I shall have the means of repaying you. I assure you I am worth at least five thousand dollars."

In proof of his assertion, he showed her various notes, mortgages, and certificates of stock.
"I presume if the people here knew that I was not a bankrupt, they would not have mistaken me for a beggar," said Mr. Burton, "I am abundantly able to give my wife a thirty dollar cloak."

"I never doubted it," replied Miss Viney, as she hastened on to the village lawyer, to put her note in course of collection.

Farmer Waxwell was at dinner, when the lawyer, who was a personal friend, called upon him.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but I am instructed to collect this note," said he.
"The devil!" exclaimed Farmer Waxwell.
"The ugly devil!" added Mrs. Waxwell, as she perceived that Miss Viney's prophecies had been burdened with a meaning.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the lawyer, "but if I understand it rightly, you have publicly boasted that you brought about all this difficulty."
"Yes, madam; that new cloak did the business; you see your husband, and all the rest followed him, so Miss Viney tells me."
"Gracious!"
"And now she wants the money to assist Mr. Burton out of the difficulty into which you have plunged him."
"That's plain speech, Squire!"
"But true."
"I can't raise the money."
"Then I must sue."
"Can't we compromise?"
"Burton is worth at least five thousand dollars, and when he gets a remittance from Boston, will repay all."

"I will dissolve my attachment, and be bound for the payment of the others. Will that do it?"
"Yes, if Miss Viney will consent."
Miss Viney did consent—she was a kind hearted lady—and the matter was compromised.

"Now, wife," said Farmer Waxwell, as he put the three hundred dollars in his pocket which Burton had paid, means thirty which he held in his hand, there's thirty dollars and I think you'd better go and buy one of them 'fine cloaks.' Your d—d envy like to have got me into the cussedest scrape I ever got into in my life."

A GOOD STORY.

Yankee lawyers and doctors, though plenty enough now-a-days, on the borders used to have but a moderate time of it.

As it was pretty generally known they would drink whiskey or fight when challenged, every body was driving at them, and finding them frequently driven to leave their stations, and find more peaceable ones. Occasionally one was found, whose samples were not so nice, and in such cases a bloody fight was apt to occur.

Mr. Henry emigrated from Vermont to a certain county seat in Missouri, to practice law. There was never a kinder or more generous man, nor one more devoted to his profession. One of the leaders of the bar, however, was a drunken bully named Wilson, a man of great physical strength and pugacity, and after he had been beaten in a case or two of forensic display, he determined to drive Henry from the place. Having publicly announced his intention, it came of course, to the ear of his intended victim. But he received it coolly, and made no reply. The next day the matter came up, and to increase the bully's animosity, the first case was an important one, in which Mr. Henry had been retained by government, and himself for the defense. Great efforts were made on both sides but the superior ability of Mr. Henry carried the day. Court had adjourned for supper, and as soon as the Judge retired, and before the lawyers had generally left the room, Wilson walked deliberately up to Mr. Henry, and earnestly insisted him.

"The cool-headed Yankee looked him deliberately in the face, and asked him what he meant. He replied to drive away dead Yankee from the circuit, and he was going to begin right there."

Mr. Henry looked around upon the throng and mildly inquired if this man spoke the general sentiment. If it was the wish of the bar that he should leave the circuit, he would go, but not without. Wilson replied—no one else venturing to say a word—that it was his wish, and that his wish was law in that case, so the account he picked up the letter. Mr. Henry now drew a double barreled rifle pistol from his pocket, greatly to the astonishment of the crowd, who did not suppose he ever learned the use of such things, and remarked that yonder candle had a long snuff; aimed at it, full twenty feet distant, and shot it off—turning to Wilson, he drew a sign from his watch-key that hung dangling from his vest, and observed that he should keep the candle lit to about the size of the ring of his watch-key the next time he presumed to insult him. The bully turned away, as pale as death, and not another word was ever said about driving off the Yankee lawyer.—St. Louis G. City.

THE STRIPES AND STARS.

A song to our bright starry flag.
The broad banner of the land.
How proudly that flag doth wave,
How proudly that flag doth wave,
The pride of the land and the sea.
Come forth from the banner wide again,
A trophy from the wars.
Where our forefathers fought, blood and died to
The glory of the "Stripes and Stars."

Soil won up in the United flag,
How proudly that flag doth wave,
O'er the men who before they would yield,
Marked from the highest, the burning gun.
Sounds forth from the field of Mars.
The flag that is a victory won,
"South the folds of the 'Stripes and Stars.'"

This flag that lights the patriotic fire,
That in each breast doth glow;
That flag that has led us on,
Don't give up the ship! the sailor cried.
"We'll never desert the ship!" the sturdy men
"We'll never strike the 'Stripes and Stars.'"

And when about the blast of war's breath,
Throughout the land of the free,
With the sword of Washington unsheathed,
We'll fight for the cause of liberty.
What though the shot and bullet and ball,
Sound of our arms.
We'll never quit our colors to the west,
And conquer 'neath the 'Stripes and Stars.'"

A poor Man's Wish.

I asked a student what three things he most wished.
He said, "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more." I asked a miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money." I asked a power, and he faintly said, "Broad—broad—broad." I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confounded cry, in which I heard the words "wealth, fame, and pleasure." I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced christian. He replied, "All that I wish is health, wisdom, and have a constant love for my Maker and Redeemer."

A gentleman who can emulate to have his arms marked with honorable scars, is undoubtedly possessed of a heavenly disposition. We saw one of these true christians at a political mass meeting in Independence Square, a short time ago. He said, in the most pleasant and unassuming way, to a bulky fellow who was standing on his toes—

"My dear sir, are you a miller?"
"No, sir, I am not a miller."
"Well, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one too, because you have been grinding my corn this half hour without taking toll."

Doctor Hawks, a lawyer, was at one time elected Mayor of Rhode Island, but he declined of office, and appointed himself a member of the Rhode Island legislature, and he was elected. His Rhode Island friends reminded him of the promise made in the Scriptures, "that God would feed the young ravens." The doctor replied that this was true, but that he had a where even a promise to feed young Hawks.

"The printing-press is a great steam engine," said Dr. Franklin, "but I don't believe that Dr. Franklin ever invented it to commit outrages on a poor female woman like me. It makes me say everything, and some of things I know must have been said when I was out, for I can't remember 'em," and she dropped three stitches in her excitement.
"They ought to think that their own makes sport of the aged don't never give up."

Unphilosophical.

A pretty young woman went to the Post Office with a letter and no direction, and said to the Postmaster—"Send that to my sweetest heart!" The Postmaster took it, looked at it and said—"What is his name, and where does he live?" The girl replied, "Ah, that is the very thing I don't want any one to know!"

"Joe says"—"Sam I have lost my watch overboard, it lies there in twenty feet of water. Is there any way to get it?"
"Yes," said Sam, "there are divers' ways."

CURIOSITY REPROVED.

The Persian ambassador found himself so annoyed when in France, by the insatiable curiosity of the fair Parisians, who came in crowds to his residence, avowedly to look at him, that at last he resolved to revenge himself by the following little scheme:

On returning one day from a ride, and finding as usual, his apartments crowded by ladies affected to be charmed by the sight of them, he succeeded in pointing to each with his finger and speaking with earnestness to his interpreter, who he well knew would be afterwards closely questioned as to the purport of his remarks. Accordingly, the effect of the incident, which, in spite of age, thought he felt the most striking of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after a very early required what might have been the object of his examination.

"Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you."
"But I wish particularly to know, sir!"
"Indeed madam it is impossible."
"Say, sir, this reserve is vexatious. I desire to know."
"Oh, since you insist, madam—know that his excellency has been valuing you."

"Valuing us, how so?"
"Yes, ladies, his excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price on each of you."
"Well, that's a whimsical enough, and how much more that lady be worth, according to his estimation?"
"A thousand crowns."

"A thousand crowns?"
"Yes, madam, a thousand crowns."
"And that brunette?"
"The same price."
"And that lady who is pointed?"
"A thousand crowns."
"Oh madam, you really must excuse me, I beg."
"The Prince merely said as he passed you."
"Well, what did he say?"
"He said, madam, that he did not know the small coin of this country."

AERISON IN IOWA—ATTEMPTED ARREST.

We find in the St. Louis Intelligencer, of Saturday, the following letter dated Canton, Lee Co, Iowa, July 18th, relative to ARISON, the supposed murderer of Allison and his wife. It was much to be regretted that he was not arrested:

GENTS: Our little village has been distracted with the most intense excitement since Saturday evening last, by the arrival of Wm. H. Arison, from Cincinnati, who, it is supposed, caused the awful, the heart-rending destruction of Mr. Allison and wife on the 25th inst. I am sorry to report that he has not been collected, and the amount forfeited in draft to this office. Expecting to receive the draft he called at the Post Office and was supplied with the letters that had arrived, one of them containing the draft. From information that had been received, with respect to Arison, some of the citizens were prepared to take action towards securing him. Accordingly quite a number started in pursuit. They found him in his father's, who lives some three miles from this place; but from some cause allowed him escape, which he did in a most pre-emptive manner, nothing definite being heard from him since.

The conclusion is that he made for his brother's, living in Appanoose county, and if from thence further west. From an acquaintance of some ten years with young Arison, I will attempt a description of him, which you may use in your third report. Wm. H. Arison is about 5 feet 10 inches high, rather square figured, evincing in his every movement, nerve and action. His hair is black, soft, and glistening; pretense black, moving, and distorted eyes, though hidden by long and heavy lashed hair, properly speaking, a Roman, without undue prominence; high cheek bones, thin lips, and a splendid set of teeth, the incisors, or front teeth slightly protruding. He walks with a dignified air, his hands are rather small, the other, or the difference may be caused by the habit of placing the right foot down firmly, at the same time turning the toes out. There is an impression on my mind that his name, or the initials at least, are identical on his right arm. His age is thirty, or thereabouts.

From what is known of his previous character and his last night, there is not the least doubt in the mind of the community, but that he is the murderer. He is perfectly, courteous.

A Maine correspondent of the Green Mountain Herald, gives the following as the form of prayer by a class of people called "new lights," and who believe in direct preaching and direct praying:

"Lord have mercy on sister Kelly, who gets up, cuffs the cat, kicks the dog, scolds her husband all the morning, and then goes to meeting and there gets up and talks on the top of it!"

"The Editor of the Iowa Statesman says in a late paper: 'Not much editorial this week; can't help it—another burning big box in this shanty; only happens once a year.'"

"To melt a lady right into a bouquet just praise her feet, her hands, chest, her eyes and hair. She is as fluent as rectified spirits and as smooth as the oil of roses about that face. For melting calico you must touch her weakness with a finger of praise. Try a glass and see."

Rest satisfied with doing well and let others talk of you as they please. They can do you no injury, though they may think they have found a flaw in your proceedings, and be determined to rise on your downfall or profit by your injury.

The following toast, drunk at a social gathering in Baltimore, a few days since is hard to beat:
"In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

"There is a pleasure in tender sensations, which far surpasses any that ill-natured ones are capable of creating."
"When the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then steer with a steady hand."
"Successful managers are the outward form of refinement in the mind and good affections in the heart."
"They who drink away their estate, drink the tears of their widows and the very blood of their impoverished children."

"One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self government as one leak will sink a ship."

The Democrat

Is published every Thursday morning, in the room immediately over the Post Office, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates:
\$1.50 per annum, in advance.
\$2.00, if not paid within the year, and
\$2.50 after the year has expired.
These rates will be rigidly enforced, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.
All communications addressed to the Editor must be sent free of postage to insure attention.
No communication inserted, unless accompanied by a responsible name.

Cutting it short.

A certain barber, who was possessed of great power of "gab," used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he manipulated their heads and faces. One day an old coddger came in, and ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who became irritated at the barber and said:

"Cut it short."
"Yes, sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gent sung out:
"Cut it short, I say, cut it short!"
"Yes, sir," chiming away, and gabbling the faster.

"Cut it short, cut it short, I say," says the old gent.
"Yes, sir," the barber going on with his story.
"Will you cut it short, blame you," bawled the old gent in a rage.
"Cut, sir," said the barber, for if you'll look in the glass you'll see that I've cut it all off." And in the instant, upon looking in the glass, the old gentleman found the hair cut from his head.

—Some daring individuals, having started a country paper out of town, holds forth in his second number after this fashion:
"We are now prepared to receive calls from any of our noble friends who may think proper to patronize us with their presence. We have been in successful operation for two weeks, but yet, not a single bit of dimity has been sent to the household of our office. We have not our face washed, and the floor swept, and a pretty looking person, or cleaner place, cannot be furnished for a day's travel. Give us a little help. Consider breakfast, bring your dinner and supper, and stay all the time. We hope the good friends of our town, will appreciate his condition, and 'drop in.'"

"The baby is sick my dear."
"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis, bring up the castor oil."
"It's all gone, sir—not a drop is left."
"Gone! why we have not yet opened the bottle."
"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself upon your child."
"Why, you scoundrel! you don't mean to say that I've been eating castor oil every day during the last season?"
"Sure you have sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labelled Castor Oil?"
"Sure and I did, sir, and didn't I put it in the castor every day?"

A young lass went to a camp meeting and came back full of the revival which they had, and did nothing the following week but—
"Shout, shout, we're gaining ground!"
She had the tongue so hot, that all she said was a confusion of that sort, and not infrequently her friends were too long for the tongue. On forewell stepped in and took a bone of the table, and just as he was making the door, she sang out:
"If you don't go out I'll knock you down, Hallelujah, hallelujah!"
You may, sir, knock down a bound, O glory, hallelujah!"

A French writer says, that if any one knew one half of what is said or thought about him, he would be ashamed to walk in the streets in open day. Flatter ourselves as we may, the best of us do not escape being picked at; not even by many of those whom we call our friends, are very apt to be similar to some of the Illinois folks—double faced.

—Those who are good natured has prompted them to lend books, will feel the pith of an answer which a man of wit made to one who was lamenting the difficulty in persuading his friends to return the volumes so lent:
"Sir, your acquaintance is such that it is much easier to retain the books than to return what is contained in them."

A French doctor in England, the infidelity of Mrs. Caton was attempted to be proved by the servants. All servants have peculiar notions in these matters, but those of the French servants in this case were rather odd, for one of them, a cook, said that she knew no improperity on the part of Mrs. Caton, but if she did, it was contrary to her principles to give information to husbands on such points.

Calico is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish anything of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the installation calico. A pair of sweet lips, a nose, waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, will as much enslave a man as three leeches, thermomasters, a large sized whooping cough, a pair of look-jaws, several hydro, lobes, and the doctor's bill.

The passions may be lured till they become our masters, as the horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mischief, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.

A contemporary has a "devil" who thinks this a great world. He says that all the evils of the universe are in the pit they find while at the house they charge him with all they don't find. He seems to doubt the propriety of such proceedings.

Restraint.—It was stated of Gen. Putnam that he placed, in his native town of Windham county Conn, a circle of apple trees in the highway, so that "one year might have apples as well as the next."

Which is the way to health?—The Hydropath, the Allopath, or the Homoeopath? Where there are so many paths, it is hard to know which to follow. Which is it?
"Washingtonians are said to be the most incontinent people in the world, because they always look for soft water when it has been raining hard!"

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we must appear like ourselves without the need of any disguise at all.

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for the phantoms of opinion, than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cannot shed churchyard at dark.
—Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is grooved on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.
—A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.
—Hated is as durable, and so abstruse that reconciliation on a sick bed is the sweetest sign of death.
(Byrnes.)